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NEDL TRANSFER



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Not Understood

AND

Other Poems



BY

THOMAS BRACKEN



WELLINGTON, N.Z.

RICHARD BROWN, Printer and Publisher, Willis Street.

1905.

KD37226



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE great popularity of "Not Understood," and the prominence given to it by the late Mel. B. Spurr in his very successful Recitals in the Colony, has created a demand for a pocket edition of Tom Bracken's Poems.

"Lays and Lyrics," issued by the same publisher in 1893, has been out of print for some years.

It is hoped, therefore, that this little volume, which will be found to contain all of Mr. Bracken's favourite poems, will supply a long-felt want, and find a ready sale in this Colony.

Two or three days before the late Mel. B. Spurr passed away, he was interviewed concerning his work and intentions. Enumerating some of his most successful recitations, he came "finally," to "Not Understood"—"that charming little bit of philosophy by the late Thomas Bracken, which I now give almost every evening. I am hoping to introduce it to an English public some time next year, and I predict for it an instantaneous and unprecedented success." "Man proposes"—and the gifted and genial entertainer little thought, as he wrote those appreciative lines, that he was never again to see his native land.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Not Understood ...	7
God's Own Country ...	9
" Rogers of Eaglehawk " ...	15
Hurrah for New Zealand ...	18
Our Pet Kangaroo ...	20
The Timaru Wrecks ...	24
How Von Tempsky Died ...	26
Pax Vobiscum ...	30
Leah ...	32
To Find the Key ...	34
Annihilation ...	35
Years Are Stealing ...	37
Waiting for the Mail ...	39
Up-a-Daisy ! ...	41
The Brooklet in the Glen ...	44
The Other Side ...	46
Till I Come Back Again ...	47
A Winter Lyric ...	49
The Canterbury Pilgrims ...	51
Woman's Rights ...	53
Away With Regret ...	55

INDEX.

	PAGE.
The Vilest Fiend of All ...	56
New Zealand Hymn ...	58
The Tramp of the Fire Brigade ...	59
A Paper from Home ...	61
The Winds ...	62
Old Bendigo ...	64
Requiem—Lindsay Gordon	66
Bush Children ...	68
Dunedin from the Bay ...	69
The Beggar's Prayer ...	71
Spirit of Song ...	75
Little Violet ...	76
Old Letters ...	78
Passing through the Gate ...	81
The Auctioneer ...	83
Orakau ...	85
The Boy and the Year ...	88
Kaitangata ...	92
An Exile's Reverie ...	94
To Sir George Grey, K.C.B. ...	98
In Memoriam—W. H. Levin ...	99

NOT UNDERSTOOD

AND

OTHER POEMS.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

NOT understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years ; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life ? and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions ;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge ;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded ; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
 The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
 Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
 And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
 Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
 For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
 How many noble spirits pass away
 Not understood

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
 Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
 Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
 To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
 And understood.



GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

A recent arrival from New Zealand, walking along Collins Street, Melbourne, a short time since, encountered another Maorilander, who holds a good position in the Victorian capital. "Well, how do you like Australia?" enquired the recent arrival. "Oh! it is a wonderful place," replied the other, "and I am doing very well here, but I would much sooner live on a far smaller salary in 'God's Own Country.'"

GIVE me, give me God's own country! there to
live and there to die,
God's own country! fairest region resting 'neath
the southern sky,
God's own country! framed by Nature in her grandest,
noblest mold;
Land of peace and land of plenty, land of wool and corn
and gold!
Where the forests are the greenest and the rugged
mountains rear
Noble turrets, towers, and spires, piercing through the
ambient air;
Rising to the gates supernal, pointing Godwards through
the blue,
When the summer's sunny splendours tip them with a
nameless hue,
And the gusts of winter gather snow and sleet and mist
and cloud,
Weaving many a curious mantle, many a quaint fantastic
shroud.
Oh! the mountains of New Zealand! wild and rugged
though they be,
They are types of highest manhood, landmarks of a
nation free.

Pleasure-ground of the Pacific ! brightest region on the main !

Land of many a rushing river, verdant valley, fertile plain !

I revisit thee, in fancy, all thy wonders rise once more,
Once again, enthrall'd, I listen to old Tongariro's roar ;
Tarawera roused to fury, belches forth his molten wrath,
And a host of fiery demons dance along his flaming path,
Boiling cauldrons, foaming geysers, lakes whose bosoms
leap with fear ;

Well and truly is it written—"Wonderland is really here!"

Shift the scene ! Night grows to morning, morn soon
ripens into day,

Lovely islands crowd and cluster in a bright and placid
bay,

Silver ripples shimmer softly on the bosom of the deep,
And the mountains see their faces, for the wind is fast
asleep.

Bay of Islands ! bay of beauty ! who would dream that
such a place

Should have been a scene of slaughter, man 'gainst man,
and race 'gainst race ;

Yonder, in the little churchyard, mouldering tombstones
sadly tell

Tales of valour and of honour, records of how brave
men fell

In the sacred cause of duty ; thanks to God, those days
are o'er,

And the old race and the new race now are enemies no
more.

Sweep we round by Rangitoto, with his rough and rocky
crest,

Grim old guardian of the gateway leading out to ocean's
breast ;

Takapuna slumbers, deeply Waitemata opes its arms,
All its loveliness unfolding, circled by a hundred
charms ;

Fly we on to Taranaki, and 'neath Egmont's shade we stand—
Egmont, monarch of the mountains! bold, majestic, solemn, grand;
Rising from the pleasant pastures, climbing to the clouds alone,
Peerless, and without a rival, proudly sits he on his throne.
It is morning in the summer, and the monarch is arrayed
In his pure white cap and mantle, which were never known to fade.
All the blue above is speckless, only one small cloud is seen
Sleeping on the mountain's bosom, nestling 'twixt the gold and green;
Now it seems as if awakening, slowly it begins to creep Upwards in a spiral column, making for the summit steep,
But it fails to reach the apex, so it curls itself away Round about the monarch's shoulders, like a silken scarf of grey;
And the East flings out its glories on the monarch as he stands, Crowning him with sparkling jewels, richly set in golden bands.
On we go by happy homesteads, on to Wanganui's flood—
Oft were Wanganui's waters, in the old time, stained with blood;
Now along the stately river flocks and herds o'er uplands graze,
Peace has swept away for ever traces of the warlike days.
Leap we o'er the hills and valleys to Poneke's noble tide,
On whose swelling breast the navies of the Universe might ride,

Safely ride beneath the shadows of the mighty hills
that keep
Watch and ward against the tempests, born upon the
outer deep.
Soar from island unto island, for were we to tarry here,
Tracing all the North-land's beauties, we might linger
for a year.
Fancy's wings are swift and silent, o'er the sea and o'er
the Strait—
Canterbury smiles before us. Ah! we have no time to
wait;
Fly we o'er green pictures shining in their frames of
spring's new gold,
Fly we past the smiling farmsteads, fly we over field and
fold—
Onward o'er the pass of Arthur! Magicland is drawing
near—
Halt! The Gorge of wildest grandeur opens up its
wonders here;
Look below! and gaze above us! was there ever grander
sight?
Here is every shade of darkness, here is every tint of
light;
Listen to the torrent roaring in the deep ravine below,
See the cataracts descending from their home among
the snow,
See the pine and larch and rata climbing up the moun-
tain walls,
Hearken to the tumbling torrents answering the distant
falls.
Weird Otira! grand Otira! is there any other clime
That can show us such a picture, so entrancing, so
sublime?
Down the Gorge and through the valley, over floods
that fret and foam,
As they rush among the boulders, hast'ning to their
Ocean home;

Now the matchless forests open all their brightness on
the scene,
And the gladdened eye is feasting on a hundred tints of
green.
We must leave the lordly forest—"Stay, oh, stay," the
wood-nymphs sing ;
"Stay, oh, stay," the fairies whisper ; "Stay, oh, stay,"
the bell-birds ring.
Fancy will not fold her pinions : onward, onward we
must go
Where Mount Cook in icy armour guards his pyramids
of snow.
Fancy can outwing the lightning, fancy can outwing the
wind—
Hill and plain and glen and valley soon are left far, far
behind.
We are resting on the high land over New Edina's town,
Wrapt in perfect admiration, looking up and looking
down—
Upwards at the wooded mountains, tinted now by open-
ing day,
Downwards at the noble city, stretching round the
lovely bay.
One short flight and we are sailing over Taieri's plains
of corn,
Now we cross the lonely ranges, painted by the brush of
morn ;
Wanaka and Manapouri pass before our wondering
sight ;
Hawea, in sylvan softness, fills us with a calm delight ;
Wakatipu's deep, dark waters, walled by mighty moun-
tains, raise
All our highest aspirations, till the soul is filled with
praise.
Here the poet soon might gather subject for a thousand
lays,
Here the artist might discover rich employment all his
days.

God's own country! God's own country! we must
hasten o'er the sea,
Filled with sweetest recollections of thy beauty; bless-
ing thee,
Wishing thee all future greatness, bidding thee "Ad-
vance! advance!"
Fruitful land, and land of wonders, richest region of
romance!
Mitre Peak, erect, majestic, slowly vanishes from view,
And the distant waves are moaning, as we cry "Adieu! adieu!"



"ROGERS OF EAGLEHAWK."

 **H**ANK you! I'll drink no more with you;
I'm a stranger here; it's my turn to 'shout'
Then I'll be off—I've some work to do—
But who is this Rogers they rave about?
What has he done to create such fuss?
How has he caused such endless talk?
To use a slang phrase—'Why is this thus?'
Who is this Rogers, of Eaglehawk?"

"Tell him, Harry, for you were there
Close to the mine, and you ought to know—
Listen mate, if you've time to spare,—
You haven't been long upon Bendigo?"
"It's just a fortnight to-day, and yet,
Although but a Sydney 'Cornstalk,'
I'm very anxious to hear, you bet,
The story of Rogers, of Eaglehawk."

"Harken! stranger, to the story,
Short it is, and to the point,
Some folks say we know no glory,
For the times are out of joint;
I'm not larn'd in old romancing,
I'm not vars'd in times gone by,
Days when errant knights went prancing,
Fighting for a lady's sigh,
Or her glove may-be, but stranger,
Never 'neath the silver sun,
By the bravest knightly ranger,
Was a nobler action done
Than the deed I'm going to dwell on;
August, on the thirtieth day,—

That's the very time it fell on,—
 Rogers rescued Sampson Bray.
 How it happen'd! Mate, you wonder?
 When I think on it, I know,
 We have heroes still, by thunder!
 They were working down below;
 They had charged four holes,—All ready
 Safe are all the fuses placed;
 Up they're haul'd so firm and steady,
 Yet there's little time to waste;
 Twenty-five feet up,—when slipping
 From his hold, poor Sampson Bray,
 Fell where deep the dark was dipping,
 Down the shaft, and there he lay.
 Quick as lightning, Rogers thundered—
 'Let me down! Oh, down again!'
 Though the engine-driver wonder'd,
 Still he turned the engine then;
 Down went Rogers, quickly leaping
 From the bucket, on he flew
 To the spot where death was creeping
 Through the fuses; then he drew
 Three of them away. Thank Heaven!
 Ah! but there's a fourth—too late—
 He cannot find it, and is driven
 Now to rest on God and fate:
 Down beside his mate he crouches
 Down beside his mate to die;
 Soft as down are stony couches,
 When upon them brave men lie:
 Loud reports—the hole exploded—
 Showers of stones and debris fell,
 And the drive with smoke was loaded,
 Loaded like a pit of hell.
 'Are they dead?' 'No! boys, they're living,
 Haul them quickly to the plat!
 Let us thanks to Heaven be giving—'
 That's my tale, mate; on this Flat

I have lived a working digger
Well night three and thirty year,
But I've never known a bigger
Hero, than our hero here."

"Mates, I'm not much given to gushing,
But when I listen'd to that there tale,
At times I felt my cheeks a flushing,
And then I fancied they turned quite pale;
Tears in my eyes at times were starting—
But hang it, lads, I've a way to walk,
Fill up the glasses, as we're parting,
We'll drink to Rogers of Eaglehawk.'



HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND.

SAID Freedom to Britain, that bold little nation,
 "I've lately discovered a fine piece of land,
 And as I intend there to 'stablish a station,
 I want your best children to give me a hand.
 Like thee, on the water,
 Thy beautiful daughter,
 A nymph of the ocean sits proud and elate ;
 Then give me a few men,
 Thy brave and thy true men,
 To live and to work on my Southern estate,
 My Southern estate,
 My Southern estate.
 In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
 The starry cross glows
 O'er the unsullied snows
 That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New Zealand!"

Then Britain to Freedom said, "Loving defender
 Thy wish is my law, I'm a debtor to thee ;
 Pick out loyal hearts who will honor and tend her,
 And make my fair daughter a Queen of the Sea.
 My Celt and my Saxon
 Shall ne'er turn their backs on
 The minions of tyranny, envy, or hate,
 Should they dare assail her,
 My sons shall not fail her,
 Their strong arms shall fence in thy Southern estate,
 Thy Southern estate,
 Thy Southern estate.
 In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
 The starry cross glows
 O'er the unsullied snows
 That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New Zealand!"

Oh, brothers! our race has a time-honoured story,
With pride we look back on the days that are gone;
Before us, Fame holds in a halo of glory
The map of our future, and beckons us on.

The East with its pleasures,
The West with its treasures,
The North with its lore, on our country shall wait;
All freemen shall cheer her;
And tyrants shall fear her,
For Freedom's at home on her Southern estate,
Her Southern estate,
Her Southern estate.

In majesty rises a bold and a free land,
The starry cross glows
O'er the unsullied snows

That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New
Zealand!



OUR PET KANGAROO.

(AN AUSTRALIAN IDYLL FOUNDED ON FACT.)

WE caught the young marsupial
 One Winter ere he learned to spring,
 His Ma was shot and from her pouch,
 Hopp'd forth the frisky little thing ;
 His story's short—his mater's tail
 Was long and made a rich ragout,
 A novel and romantic feed,
 We all enjoyed that Kangaroo.

The little orphan soon became
 Our pet ; he quite familiar got.
 He jumped among the saucepans, though
 His loving Ma had gone to pot ;
 He threw so well and grew so fat,
 Our *chef de cuisine*, Chong Ah Loo,
 Petitioned us to let him try
 His skill upon the Kangaroo.

But no—we scorn'd so mean a trick,
 And made the Tartar-tempter fly ;
 He spoke of soup, and we could see
 The gravy in his almond eye—
 His bitter almond eye, for he
 Was cruel to be kind—"For you
 Me makey soupy welly lich,
 All samey puppy Kangaloo."

But from that day Chong never dared
 To make the same suggestion : we
 Some kittens lost, but that was not
 A serious catastrophe ;

Our native bear "vamoosed" one day,
We missed our pure-bred bull-pup too,
We mourned them not, but set our hearts
Upon the tame young Kangaroo.

We named him Budgeree—that's "good"
In native lingo, as you know ;
He earned the appellation well,
We watch'd our pet in goodness grow ;
We taught him many a harmless trick,
He couldn't smoke, but he could chew ;
We always found him "up to snuff"
He grew so cute our Kangaroo.

He followed us about the house,
And on our rambles round the run ;
And when his kin we hunted down,
He'd look sedate and watch the fun.
We took him once unto a ball
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo,
And didn't he enjoy the hop ?
You bet he did—that Kangaroo.

He skipped right through the gay Quadrille,
And joined the Waltz's mazy whirl ;
He lick'd the fiddler's foaming pint,
And kiss'd the hurdy-gurdy girl ;
"Du sollst ist nicht thun!" she exclaimed
(Which means, "Now, don't; be quiet, do!")
And no one there enjoyed the spree
More fully than our Kangaroo.

But thunder often follows calm
And clouds at times obscure the sun,
Though old, those proverbs still are trite,
The Lancers and a Waltz were done,

When Tapley jumped upon a chair,
And said, "I've to announce to you
That Dougal Gunn has just arrived :"
All cheered except the Kangaroo.

Big Dougal was a kilted Celt,
Who never swore an English oath,
He measured six foot three or four,
His tartans had not check'd his growth ;
At all the games he prizes won,
For bagpipe tunes—so well he blew
I thought and said "He'll charm our pet,
For sweet sounds please our Kangaroo.

Then Dougal march'd around the room
With ribbons streaming from his pipes,
His mien was royal though he wore
So many brilliant stars and stripes.
With cheeks distended, he prepared
To play the "March of Callum Dhu ;"
Our Budgeree surveyed the pipes,
And wondered much that Kangaroo.

And now the instrument emits
Preliminary grunts and groans,
Notes, wild and fitful, rise and swell,
The chanter struggles with the drones ;
And louder yet, and wilder still,
The pibroch swells—when madly flew—
Crash ! smash ! dash !—through the window panes
Our peaceful pet, our Kangaroo.

The narrative is very sad—
Full ten feet high, from off his tail
He'd sprung, he couldn't understand
The martial music of the Gael.

We gallop'd home in hopes to find
Him safe and sound, but not a clue
From that time out we ever found
Of Budgeree, our Kangaroo.

And often now on New Year's Day,
When sound the war notes of the Celt
Through new Edina's streets, old times
Rush back, and cause my eyes to melt.
Fond mem'ry conjures up that night,
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo,
When Budgeree left home and friends,
And fled afar, poor Kangaroo !

Yes! yes! whene'er I hear the pipes,
Old scenes will rise before my gaze,
I see the homestead lawn in spring,
Where wealthy wattles all ablaze,
Made scented sunshades for the lambs ;
But bah! I'm getting quite "too too,"
I talk just like a bleating bard,
While dreaming of that Kangaroo.



THE TIMARU WRECKS.

1882.

WHO are Earth's heroes? Who are they that claim
 A shrine immortal in their country's breast,
 A niche within the citadel of fame,
 Or higher still a home among the blest.
 One answers, they are those who in the fight
 Win heav'n's approval and the world's applause;
 The men who die for justice and for right,
 The men who bleed for freedom's holy cause.
 Another answers, heroes lead the van
 Of peace and progress in the march of mind,
 And spread God's treasures at the feet of man,
 And shed the rays of knowledge o'er their kind.
 Ay, these and those are heroes, true and brave,
 Whose deeds and words are treasured, fond and fast,
 Whose memories are untarnished by the grave;
 Heroes who build the future on the past,
 And raise a stately edifice above
 The Gulf of Ages, filled with blood and tears,
 A human temple round whose shrine of love,
 All men shall gather in the coming years.
 But there are other heroes on the earth,
 Heroes who often sow but never reap
 The Seed of Glory till the Second Birth;
 Heroes who often sink and fall asleep
 In duty's arms, unnoticed and unknown;
 Heroes who for their fellows nobly die,
 Heroes whose dirge is ocean's solemn moan,
 Mingled with orphan's sob and widow's sigh;
 Such are the heroes whom we honour here,
 Men who have passed on to the light beyond;
 And those they held in life most true and dear,
 Appeal to us for aid, shall we respond?

What were their deeds? We open up the scene—
Behold a spreading city by the sea,
Belted by sunny slopes and plains of green,
And skirted by the foam of breakers free,
That leap and dance for joy along the shore,
Racing like white-haired children on the sand,
Babbling their mother ocean's mystic lore,
Whisp'ring her secrets to the silent land.
A sabbath calm is resting o'er the place,
And souls are soaring upward from their clay.
Celestial smiles gild nature's tranquil face,
And thought flies far above life's little day.
Out on the sleeping waves tall vessels ride
At anchor, all is calm. Ah! will it last?
Look yonder, look! here comes a storm-spent tide;
The murmuring fury of the distant b'ast
Sweeps in upon us. God! we're lost! we're lost!
The boats! the boats! now pull for land and life!
They're off! they're safe! they land! though billows
tossed
And breakers dashed around them in the strife.
But lo! along the shore the cry is raised,
“Man, man the life boat!” and a willing band
Rush forward at the call. The crowd, amazed,
Behold the gallant fellows leave the land,
And plunge through seething surf and furious foam.
“Hurrah! Hurrah! God speed ye gallant hearts!”
Ah! well might they exclaim, “God speed ye home!”
God took them home: the tear of pity starts,
But not for those who went, but those who weep
For husbands vanished, and for fathers gone.
Be ours the task to honour them that sleep,
By helping those they loved, now left alone;
Be ours the task—nay, friends, 'tis not a task,
It is a debt of duty we've to pay.
God speaks to us when babes and widows ask;
We hear His voice in theirs, and we obey.

HOW VON TEMPSKY DIED.

BRAVE young land, thy roll of glory shines with
many a gallant name,
Thou hast many a thrilling story dear to honour,
true to fame,
Thou canst boast a band of heroes whose undying deeds
shall blaze,
When thy chronicles of valour shall be read in after days.
We are busy with the present and we seldom glance
behind—
Busy building up a nation, we seem thoughtless and
unkind,
Sentiment is out of fashion, gratitude is fast asleep,
We have little time for thinking, little time to sing or
weep—
Little time to sing their praises, or to weep for those
who bought
Peace for us and for our children, with their life-blood ;
men who fought
With the hearts and souls of lions, 'gainst a fearless,
savage foe,
Trusty rifle against rifle, hand to hand, and blow for
blow ;
For the nonce they are forgotten, but the time is close
at hand,
When the men who saved our country shall be honor'd
in the land.
Then among the line of heroes, one shall take a fore-
most place,
One who was not of our people, one who was not of our
race ;
One who followed Glory's beacon, from his boyhood, till
he fell,

Dying like a valiant soldier, after fighting long and well.
List the story of Von Tempsky—master of the sword and
lance—

Brief the record, yet it seems like some wild legend or
romance :

Born in the Germanic nation, in a martial cradle nursed,
Gallant son of gallant soldier, glory claimed him from
the first ;

For the blood of ancient Poland filled his veins and made
his heart

Leap with a desire to play in freedom's cause a leading
part.

His a breast that knew not danger, his a stalwart arm
and bold,

His a nature far too tameless to be cribbéd in cages old.
All the narrow ways of Europe, all the selfishness of
caste,

All the tyranny of custom, all the selfdom of the past,
Roused his eagle soul to anger, and the soldier fled afar ;
To the wild Mosquito region, where the hurricane of war,
Blew away the Old World cobwebs from his eyes and
from his brain,

As he led the untamed Indians 'gainst the troops of
Sunny Spain ;

Then again his love of 'venture took him to the Golden
Gate,

Swept him back once more to Europe, and from thence
his wayward fate

Tempted him across the ocean to the land of cloudless
skies ;

Where the hunters after fortune madly sought the
precious prize.

Not for him the golden treasure, not for him the yellow
corn :

He was doomed to die a soldier, for a soldier he was
born.

On the plains of fair New Zealand, savage war was in
the air :

Plucky yeomen wanted leaders, and Von Tempsky's place
was there.
Are there any Forest Rangers—any of his comrades
here?
If there are, then they can tell us of the hero's bright
career;
How he with the flying column drove the rebels from
their lair—
In the wild Henua Ranges: how his rifle's flash and
flare
Mark'd the van in every movement; how his aim was
firm and true;
How he always was the foremost where the bullets
thickest flew;
How he with McDonnell ventured boldly into danger's
teeth,
Moving up at Paparata to the very mouth of death.
They could tell of Mangapiko, and of famed Orakau's
fight,
Where Von Tempsky won fresh laurels by his valor and
his might.
Peace came in and spread her mantle all along Waikato's
shore;
And the hero briefly rested, till war's demon shriek'd
once more—
Through romantic Taranaki—then again he sought the
front,
Ready to protect our banner and to bear the battle's
brunt;
Ready at the call of duty, ready to fill honour's post;
Quick to grapple with the foeman, very slow to count
the cost.
Self with him was next to nothing, bravery was all in all:
If we need the proof 'tis furnished in the picture of his
fall.
Here it is:—Behold the forces, marching boldly through
the bush;
Rurarua must be taken—must be taken with a rush.

This is fierce Titiko Waru's stronghold, and it must come down.
Hunt the rebels from their fastness ; onward, lads, for Queen and Crown !
“ Onward, lads !” a storm of bullets whistles through the Rata trees,
And a yell of fierce defiance swells on the September breeze.
“ Back, lads, back ! the swarthy devils are invincible,
'tis vain ;
We can't storm the Pah, while bullets fall among us thick as rain ;
Back, lads !” See the troops retreating with their wounded and their dead,
While the gallant Forest Rangers, with Von Tempsky at their head,
Fill the gory gap of danger, covering their friends' retreat,
While Death's leaden messengers continue flying sharp and fleet.
Safely hidden in the Ratas are the rebels ; vanished hope
Leaves confusion close behind her ; open courage cannot cope
With the foes who lie in ambush ; chances of success are past.
“ Under cover, comrades !” cries he, and that sentence is his last.
“ Under cover, comrades !” cries he, while exposed the leader stood,
Whizz'd the bullet, and the green grass turn'd to crimson with his blood,
As the gallant soldier's spirit vanished from the soldier's shell.
This is how the hero left us, this is how Von Tempsky fell.

PAX VOBISCUM.

N a forest, far away,
One small creeklet, day by day,
Murmurs only this sad lay:
“Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

One old box-tree bends his head,
One broad wattle shades her bed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead:
“Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Echoes come on every breeze,
Sighing through the ancient trees,
Whisp'ring in their melodies:
“Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,
Quick to come and slow to leave,
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling
To the skirts of passing Spring,
Wattle-boughs and branches fling
Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,
Queen of all the speckless sky,
Shafts of silver softly lie
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
Through each leafy bower and belt,
Round the spot where friends have knelt—
“ Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Far away from town and tower,
Sleeping in a leafy bower,
Withered lies the forest flower—
“ Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

There, where passions ne'er intrude ;
There, where nature has imbued
With her sweets the solitude,
Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,
Home of Nature's euphony,
Pour thy requiem psalmody
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod :
Thou hast there no common clod ;
Keep her ashes safe ; for God
Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me : “ Is that clay
In the forest far away
Part of her ? ”—I only say :
“ Flow'rets breathe out Lilian ;

“ From her grave their sweets mount high—
Love and beauty never die—
Sun and stars, earth, sea, and sky
All partake of Lilian.”

LEAH.

LFREE at last from the gloom that clouded
 Life and love in thy sinking day ;
 Thy brow is veil'd, thy fair limbs shrouded,
 Clay is married again to clay.

Free at last from the curse of beauty,
 Free at last from the weeds that grow
 Round the buds on the path of duty,
 Where genius walks ; 'tis better so—

Better so, when the world grows dreary ;
 Better so, when young hopes have fled ;
 Better so, when the heart grows weary—
 Better living among the dead.

Living among the dead—I've said it—
 Some may rot, and some shall rise
 Out of the grave ; then who shall dread it ?
 'Tis but the soulless clod that dies.

Strangers smoothed thy raven tresses
 Over thy marble brow, my girl ;
 Closed thy lips with no fond caresses,
 Closed them over the rows of pearl.

Strangers seal'd up those orbs whose flashes
 Kindled often a quenchless spark ;
 Seal'd them under their long dark lashes,
 Cover'd thy face—and then all was dark.

"Earth to earth!" and the clay was scatter'd,
Scatter'd over thy peaceful breast;
"Dust to dust!" and it little matter'd—
Only a woman had gone to rest.

What knew they of the passions tameless?
They but planted another clod;
"Let her sleep, though she was not blameless.
Give her soul to her Father—God.

"He is merciful, good and gracious;
He can raise up the weak and low;
In the halls of His mansions spacious
Scarlet sins are made white as snow."

Softly spoken the words, and kindly—
Freezing natures that have not known
Scorching rays can but measure blindly
Any heat that is not their own.

Night steals on, and the leaflets tremble
Up on the boughs of tall dark trees;
Night steals on, and the ghosts assemble
Out on the skirts of sighing seas.

Night steals on, and the shadows hover
Round the couch of the dying day;
Night steals on, and my song is over,
All its music has died away—

Died away on the waves that sever
Past from present, and shore from shore;
Melting into the great "for ever"—
Gone to her who has gone before.

TO FIND THE KEY.

AN hour of joy, a day of tears,
 A lesson in life's changeful school,
 A dream of happy fleeting years,
 A mad plunge in the whirling pool,
 A sail upon the waves which flow
 Unto the hidden mystic sea
 Wherein we sink! And then we go
 To try the lock and find the key.

A day of toil, an hour of rest,
 A week of faith, a year of doubt,
 A little while on Friendship's breast,
 Then mingling with the selfish rout,
 A flutter on Ambition's wings,
 An earnest longing to be free
 From worldly cares and earthly things,
 And then we go to find the key.

An hour of peace, a day of sin,
 A week of joy, a year of strife,
 A knowledge of the "voice within,"
 That tells us of the after life.
 An effort through heaven's gates to pry,
 A pilgrimage of gloom and glee;
 We bud, we bloom, we fade, we die,
 And then we go to find the key.

ANNIHILATION.

 T is not true! Great Sire, it cannot be
That this bright ray of life we call the soul—
This quenchless flame of immortality,
Emblazoned on Thy grand eternal scroll—
Was kindled in its mortal lamp by Thee,
To find within the grave its final goal.

Oh! bastard creed, conceived in vilest womb
Of meanest earth, how poor thou makest man :
A living atom, fattening for the tomb,
And struggling to its jaws as best he can,
Heir unto nothing but chaotic gloom,
The puppet of a dark, designless plan.

Cold, dismal science, hatched within a clod,
And nursed for blank futurity, in vain
Thy teachers, with their substitute for God,
Proclaim that wrong shall change to right again.
Why then are *we* the tillers of the sod ?
Why do *we* sow if others reap the grain ?

How shall the good to come repay the dead,
If mind or soul embodied, really dies
To live no more? The suff'ring millions fled,
With all their sorrows and with all their cries
For justice, find no solace in the bed
Of dreamless death, from which they may not rise.

Were death the climax, then 'twere better fate
 To browse the peaceful hills, a careless beast,
 Or nestle with some tuneful feathered mate
 In some green glade, nor look past Nature's feast
 For happiness, nor dream of future state,
 Than be their king—the greatest, yet the least.

Shall all our dreamings of a brighter day—
 Shall all our longings for a purer light
 Shall all our aspirations end in clay ?
 Shall all our hopes be plunged in end'ess night,
 And shall the soul be blind for ever ? Nay !
 Death cannot veil its strong celestial sight.

Annihilation ! Philosophic lie !
 Thou canst not rob us of our rightful claim
 To share our Father's mansion up on high ;
 God is a Spirit, and from Him we came.
 His breath is in us, it can never die ;
 Emancipation is death's better name.



YEARS ARE STEALING.



YEARS are stealing, years are stealing,
 Youth's bright star is on the wane ;
Time, the mocker, is unveiling
 Hope, with all her trappings vain—
Aerial towers, sylvan bowers,
 Coral cave and golden plain ;
Blighted, faded are the flowers,
 The scythe is mowing down the grain.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
 We see not as we've seen before ;
Colder grows each finer feeling,
 Warm emotions start no more—
Impulsive fire, proud desire,
 Impetuous as ocean's roar.
The sable ship is drifting higher,
 Yonder lies the mystic shore.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
 You and I have gone astray,
Since within the Old Home kneeling,
 We were fondly taught to pray :
Pure words spoken, heartfelt token
 Of our homage to His sway.
Graves were made and ties were broken
 In the Old Land far away.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
 Where is fortune, where is fame ?
Where is friendship, soothing, healing ?
 Where is love, ecstatic flame ?

Friendship's flying, love is dying,
 In the summer time they came ;
 Winter through the trees is sighing,
 Love and friendship, scorn and shame.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
 See life's tinsel chariot glide ;
 Grasping avarice is wheeling
 Vanity and vulgar pride ;
 False and shallow, time will swallow
 Rags and riches in his tide :
 Millions went and we must follow—
 Prince or pauper may not 'bide.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,
 Yonder mist is but a tear
 The brilliant eye of day concealing,
 Morn is there, and night is here.
 In the morning, streaks adorning
 Heaven's grand resplendent sphere ;
 Clouds at mid-day—solemn warning—
 Darker shades at night appear.



WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

WE'RE bound unto the dear old land with ties of strong affection;
We love our Island Mother still, and would not break the chain
Which bridges all the present with the past in fond connection,
Upon whose span the old and new embrace across the main:
A highway o'er the mountain waves, that plunge in mad commotion
Is opened up for commerce, and we welcome every sail
Which brings us news of loving friends we left beyond the ocean;
Our hearts beat quick with hope and fear whilst waiting for the mail.

The daring soul who fled afar from poverty's oppression,
To publish 'neath a free sky proud manhood's rightful claim;
The wild, unbridled stripling, banished from his sire's possession,
For staining the escutcheon of an ancient honoured name,
Are waiting at the post: the youth expecting a "remittance"—
His landlord frowns upon him now, and stops his wine and ale.
The other sent a trifle Home to swell a mother's pittance,
And anxiously awaits affection's answer by the mail.

Yon sentimental dreamer, who seems lost in meditation,
Is thinking of the bright-eyed lass he left far o'er the sea—
"For thee, my girl, I left my home to help to build a nation;
She'll surely send a letter kind, if still she's true to me."

The golden towers of hope spring up before him in his dreaming,

Beside him stands a man whose soul ne'er rises o'er a bale

Or package: still his busy brain for wealth is ever scheming—

With restless eager eye he waits advices by the mail.

That matron with the cheerful smile, who leads the pretty fairy

With flaxen curlis, expects a loving message from afar,—

"Oh, Mother! What will Granny send this mail to little Mary?"

And here's a man who wants to know if "Railways" are at par;

Those mushroom politicians are discussing Europe's troubles;

Miss Lackadaisy's eager for Miss Braddon's latest tale;
And Swindleton is wond'ring if some antipodean bubbles
Would float upon the London mart, while waiting for the mail.

An hour hence, and some will leave the office quite elated,

And some until another mail must linger in suspense,
Whilst others, more unfortunate, to disappointment fated,

Will swear all friendship is a sham, and love a false pretence;

Bright sparks of hope are oft conveyed in some slight simple token,

To light the spirit onward, till "there's no such word as fail;"

And after the "delivery" true hearts are sometimes broken;

But still we nurse each cherished wish, whilst waiting for the mail.

UP-A-DAISY !

UP-A-DAISY ! said his mother,
When the babe was three months old ;
Up-a-daisy ! and she'd lift him
From the rug whereon he rolled.
Soon the boy began to prattle,
And his lips would strive to say :—
“ Up-a-daisy ! ” but he couldn't
Master more than “ Up-a-day ! ”

“ Up-a-daisy ! ” quaint expression,
Coined in some old nurse's brain,
As she tossed some merry baby
Up and down, and up again.
But our boy, unversed in diction,
Takes it in another way.
Help, assistance, comfort, succour,
Seeks he in his “ Up-a-day ! ”

Months flew by—the boy grew stronger ;
Childhood's little griefs and cares,
Marr'd some merry, merry moments—
Stupid stools and naughty chairs,
Would persist in falling o'er him ;
And, as on the ground he lay,
He would kick, and scream, and scramble—
“ Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day ! ”

Now he falls across the fender,
Now he tumbles on the stairs,
Screams, and sobs, and runs to mother
With his troubles and his cares.

"Oh! you naughty boy, what ails you?
 Sonny, do be quiet, pray!
 Dere now, dere now, what's the matter?"
 "Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

"Papa tum and play me sojers,
 Me will shoot oo with my dun."
 Fierce the onslaught, papa's vanquished;
 Baby has the victory won.
 Ah! the fate of war is cruel;
 Baby's gun breaks in the fray—
 "Oh! my dun, my dun is broken,
 "Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

Babyhood is manhood's mirror;
 Toys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
 Find their birth-place in the cradle,
 Growing stronger with the years.
 "Mother," is our cry in spring-time;
 But when Winter holds his sway,
 From the depths we raise our voices—
 "Father, Father, Up-a-day!"

Onward in the march of progress,
 Busy hands, and toddling feet;
 Cosy cradle superseded
 By the cot so snug and neat.
 Mischief-making little meddler,
 Wearied out at twilight gray,
 Clinging to the skirts of Mamma—
 "Me so tired," then "Up-a-day!"

Oh, the golden dreams of childhood!
 Oh, the visions babies see!
 After they have lisped, "Our Faader,"
 Nodding upon Mother's knee.

Cares and troubles all forgotten,
Till the morn's first diamond ray
Opes the rosebuds and the red lips,
And the eyelids, "Up-a-day!"

Once again the little despot
Rules the house with iron will;
Jumps and crows, and screams, and scrambles—
Not a single moment still.
Merry, rippling, silver laughter,
Sunshine followed soon by spray;
Troubles crowd again upon him.
"Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

Oh! the time will come, my darling,
When the hearts that shield thee now
Shall be silent, and time's furrows
Will leave traces on thy brow;
When the shadows fall upon thee,
Turn thine eyes from Earth away,
Life thy voice and cry with fervour—
"Father, Father, Up-a-day!"



THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.



TS mellow song
 The whole night long
 Is borne around the tranquil vale,
 And through the day
 In cheerful lay
 It chants a never ending tale :
 The hist'ry of its life and birth,
 The secrets of the valley, when
 From the effusive pores of earth,
 God called it down the glen.

The Tui's trill,
 Upon the hill,
 Is answered by a thousand notes,
 Till one grand swell
 From nook and dell
 Upon the morning æther floats ;
 But in a voice subdued and low,
 Which tells of things beyond our ken,
 The brooklet's gentle accents flow,
 Meandering down the glen.

Old ocean hoarse,
 Ejects with force
 His foaming tongue to lap the beach ;
 But all in vain
 He tries to gain
 The upland prize he cannot reach,
 True reflex of the passions wild
 Which stir the restless souls of men—
 The brooklet is a careless child
 That prattles down the glen.

And as it flows
It larger grows,
Until it merges in the sea ;
And thus the boy
From childish joy
Runs into man's anxiety ;
The fairy towers we loved to raise,
Are swallowed in life's whirlpool then—
There's food for thought in all thy lays,
Sweet brooklet in the glen.



THE OTHER SIDE.

AS we watch the deep grey shadows
 Stealing upwards from the west,
 When the flow'rets in the meadows
 Lock their pearls and go to rest,
 Soaring far beyond the real,
 Oft we view on fancy's tide—
 Phantom crews, in boats ideal,
 Sailing from the other side.

When the midnight gusts are sighing—
 Sighing through the saplings tall,
 Tapers dim, and embers dying,
 Paint quaint shadows on the wall,
 Treasured forms start up before us,
 Softly through the room they glide,
 And we hear, in loving chorus,
 Voices from the other side.

Who shall say, in vile derision,
 “There is nought but clod to clod?”
 Slavelings of a stunted vision,
 Ye cannot discover God.
 Fenced within your narrow hedges,
 Truth ye have not yet descried—
 Ye have no immortal pledges
 Coming from the other side.

TILL I COME BACK AGAIN.

[A widow of seventy years died in Portsmouth some time ago, the truth of whose life was stranger than any fiction. At the age of fifteen she married the choice of her heart, a young sea captain, and after a brief and happy honeymoon he left her for a foreign voyage. But his ship was never heard from, and doubtless foundered at sea, with all on board. The young husband, as he was dressing for sea on the morning he left home, playfully threw a pair of stockings over his head, to test some sailor's charm or other, and they chanced to land on the top of a canopy bedstead, he remarking, "Sarah, let them stay there till I come back." And many and many a long year they have lain, but alas! he never returned. But neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations ever died out in her faithful heart during all the years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the last, whenever a door opened, or a step was heard approaching, she turned to see if it might not be he whom she mourned and sought. But he never came back to her—let us hope and trust that she has gone to him. But by her desire she was buried in her wedding dress, with white gloves and wedding ring.]—HOME PAPER

 O test some sailor's charm, he threw the stockings
 o'er his head—
 They rested on a canopy above the bridal bed,
 And whilst a sunny laugh played through af-
 fection's pearly rain,
 He said, "Oh, let them stay there, dear, till I come back
 again."

His gallant craft in snowy dress, sailed proudly with the tide,
 And mournfully he waved adieu unto his weeping bride ;
 Until the crimson glinting in the West began to wane ,
 She watched the white speck on the sea, and wished it
 back again.

Long weary months of loneliness soon grew to dreary years,

But hope was ever at her side to gild her falling tears,
And every ocean breeze that brought the music of the main

Unto her ear, sang "Let them stay till I come back again."

The echoes of his last farewell were sung by Spring's blithe birds,

And Summer's zephyrs breathed soft her Sailor's parting words;

And all the wintry midnight gusts sighed sadly 'gainst each pane,

And through each nook, "Oh, let them stay till I come back again."

For nearly three-score years in hope she listened for his voice,

But yet no tidings came of him—the husband of her choice;

Then putting on her bridal robes when earthly hopes were vain,

She sought him where devoted souls are sure to meet again.



A WINTER LYRIC.



OME, harp of mine
And let's entwine
A love-wreath round thy chords so light ;
The storm-sprites rave
O'er vault and grave,
The elements are drunk to-night ;
Behold the Lord's
Red flaming swords
Flash scabbardless across the clouds,
And from the deep
The sea-ghosts leap
Along the beach in snowy shrouds ;
Then sing with me
A song of glee,
My soul is filled with wildest mirth :
'Tis just the time
To chant and chime
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

Faithful harp, I feel thy strings
Trembling as my fingers play,
And the wailing wind that sings
Through the crannies joins our lay ;
And methinks weird sprites on wings
Hover round the house and say :
“ Death alone affection brings—
True love lives in clay to clay.”

Loving harp ! the truth is told.
Mother Earth is true and tried.
In her bosom's faithful fold
Slumber soundly, side by side.

Peer and peasant, young and old,
 Slaves of poverty and pride.
 Ah ! her heart is true as gold,
 And her love is deep and wide.

Harp of mine ! again, again
 Warm pulsations fondly stray
 O'er thy chords—whilst wind and rain
 'Gainst the windows sing and say :
 "Woman's heart is false and vain,
 Lovers' vows are light as spray,
 Faithless maid and foolish swain,
 True love lives in clay to clay."

Then sing with me,
 Right merrily,
 The praises of our Mother kind ;
 Her heart is pure,
 Her love is sure,
 To all our faults and follies blind.
 She gives us rest
 Upon her breast,
 And these poor mortal shells of ours
 She purifies,
 And we arise
 To live again in buds and flowers.
 Then sing with me
 A song of glee.
 My soul is filled with wildest mirth ;
 'Tis just the time
 To chant and chime
 The praise of our old Mother Earth.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THREE half-score years ago—no more—
Since Godley stood upon the shore,
A leader of the pilgrims bold,
Who framed the New upon the Old,
And stamp'd the Old upon the New,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Three half-score years—and can this be?
'Tis but a ripple on the sea
Of Time;—Oh! what a wondrous change,
Since o'er the ridge of yonder range
Hope led the pilgrims firm and true,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They saw, from yonder mountain's brow,
Plains yearning for the spade and plough;
And where the naked rivers ran,
Vales waiting to be dressed by man;
Their help all Nature seem'd to woo,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They gave the breeze that fann'd the foam
Sweet farewell sighs to carry home;—
But though old Albion was dear,
They saw a fairer England here
Awaiting them, the dauntless few,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Behold their work! revere their names!
Green pictures set in golden frames,
Around the City of the Stream,
Fulfil the pilgrims' brightest dream ;
With them a fairer England grew
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

SOME people think that women should
Compete in life's swift race
With men, and gain each privilege,
Position, power, and place
Which he enjoys. I can't agree
With those progressive lights ;
I'll tell you what appear to me
To be fair woman's rights.

When passion's young ecstatic fire
First kindles in our veins,
'Tis woman's right to bind our hearts
In Cupid's rosy chains ;
She wields a queenly sceptre then,
Which we must needs obey,
We're building castles in the night
And dreaming all the day.

'Tis woman's right to be caressed
When love is in the spring.
And when affection's harvest comes,
Her right it is to bring
The garnered fruits of happiness
To cheer man's dreary way,
To smooth his rougher nature,
And refine his coarser clay.

'Tis woman's right to wean us from
Our selfishness and greed,
A counsellor in trouble and
A faithful friend in need,

'Tis woman's right to lead us from
The foot of Mammon's throne,
And take us to a nobler shrine
Where purer joys are known.

'Tis woman's sacred right—and this
To her by God is given—
To teach the lisping little ones
The password into Heaven.
No joy man knows on earth can with
A mother's bliss compare
When, listening with the angel choir,
She hears her child's first prayer.

'Tis woman's right to lean on man
In sorrow and distress,
For he was made to comfort her,
And she was made to bless;
Her bulwark against danger, be
She daughter, sister, wife,
Or mother, he should guard her well—
Aye, even with his life.

'Tis woman's right, ere we prepare
To battle in life's van,
To shape our future destinies
And mould the mind of man;
And here, where we're erecting on
Pacific's breast, a State,
The mothers of our rising race
Can make it poor or great.

AWAY WITH REGRET.

To W. E.

AWAY with regret; though some words lightly spoken

Were echoes of hopes which we cannot recall;
The lily will bloom, though a petal be broken;
The rose does not droop, though a leaflet may fall;
The sun that illumined love's dreamings' ideal,
At eve, 'neath a shroud of despair may have set,
But morning will bring him in majesty real,
To melt with his rays all the clouds of regret.

Away with regret, and away with dejection!

Though withered are some of the young buds of love,
Bright flow'rets of far more enduring affection
Will blossom when Spring brings new notes to the dove;
The seedlings we cast on a cold soil may perish;
We lose them, but still it is foolish to fret.
The next time we sow, let fertility cherish
The heart's-ease we prize—then away with regret!

Away with regret! when the heart lies in fallow,
'Tis but a coarse weed that spreads over the ground;
It only takes root where the surface is shallow,
And dies when the summer of love comes around.
'Tis vain to look back, for the past we can't alter;
The future remains in our own keeping yet;
Hope's goal is before us, and why should we falter?
We're marching to God—then away with regret!

THE VILEST FIEND OF ALL.

" Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—*Othello*.

FALSE spirit! take thy fiendish shape,
Thy name is demon, and not wine ;
Durst thou cling to the purple grape,
Durst thou seek shelter 'neath the vine ?
Nay, cling unto thy patron—Death,
And hide thee 'neath his blackest pall :
Throughout Creation's length and breadth,
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes ? Go, ask the grave,
That, yawning, waits its lifeless clod—
Thy murdered serf, thy poisoned slave,
A type, once, of the living God ;
The shrieks within the maniac's cell,
The chain clinks 'yond the prison's wall,
The wails and groans of millions, tell
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes ? Yon soulless thing
Was once God's image pure and fair ;
Yea, fiend, as witnesses I'll bring,
Lust, hatred, murder, and despair,
To prove thy guilt ! The fiercest flame
That burns below when sinners fall,
Is fed by thee, remorse and shame
Proclaim thee, vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes ! Thy counsel's plea
Is this : Thou'rt good, and we should prize
Heaven's gifts ; but I do view in thee
A cruel devil in disguise ;
Before thee, peace and comfort fly,
Replaced by senseless feud and brawl ;
Near thee, truth, love, and honour die—
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

Oh, God of justice ! God of right !
Why is the world so full of woe,
Why are souls withered by this blight ?
Is this the working of thy foe—
The rebel sire of sin and crime,
Who makes thy likeness, man, his thrall ?
Oh, Father ! shield our new-born clime
From this the vilest fiend of all.



NEW ZEALAND HYMN.

 OD of nations! at Thy feet
 In the bonds of love we meet,
 Hear our voices, we entreat,
 God defend our Free Land.
 Guard Pacific's triple star
 From the shafts of strife and war,
 Make her praises heard afar,
 God defend New Zealand.

Men of every creed and race
 Gather here before Thy face,
 Asking Thee to bless this place,
 God defend our Free Land.
 From dissension, envy, hate,
 And corruption guard our State,
 Make our country good and great,
 God defend New Zealand.

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,
 But, should foes assail our coast,
 Make us then a mighty host,
 God defend our Free Land.
 Lord of battles, in Thy might,
 Put our enemies to flight,
 Let our cause be just and right,
 God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be
 Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
 Make us faithful unto Thee,
 God defend our Free Land.
 Guide her in the nation's van,
 Preaching love and truth to man,
 Working out Thy glorious plan,
 God defend New Zealand.

THE TRAMP OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.



IS grand to hear the trumpet clear,
When it calls the soldier on,
To prove his might in the field of fight,
Where valiant deeds are done ;
And the gallant tread of the troops when led
By their leader's flashing blade,
Sounds loud and true—but there's music too
In the tramp of the Fire Brigade.

No prouder tramp
In field or camp,
On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread
As they rush ahead,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade !

The flames flash high, and the lurid sky
Reflects the fiery glare ;
And the inmates shriek, and the timbers creak,
And the crackling rafters flare ;
And the deep-toned bell, with brazen knell,
Makes frantic cries for aid ;
Keep back, keep back, and clear the track—
Make room for the Fire Brigade !

No prouder tramp
In field or camp,
On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread
As they rush ahead,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade !

That noble band, at their chief's command,
Mount up on the crumbling walls,
With axe and hose, where the red flame glows,
And the blazing rooftree falls ;
The crowd retreat from the scorching heat,
But the Firemen, undismayed,
With courage true, the flames subdue,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade !

No prouder tramp
In field or camp,
On march or on parade,
Than the Firemen's tread
As they rush ahead,
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade !



A PAPER FROM HOME.

 LONE with his dog, when the night-veil was falling,
 A digger sat dreaming of times that were fled ;
 For mem'ry was painting old scenes, and re-
 calling

Dear faces and forms from the realms of the dead.
 His fancy renewed the old pictures long faded,
 The sheet in his hand seemed a leaf from life's tome,
 Its paragraphs bright, and its articles shaded—
 He smiled and he sighed o'er that paper from home.

A light-hearted boy he embraced the old people—
 He rushed from the school with his mates to the green ;
 He climbed up the ivy that wrapp'd the church steeple
 Which stood on the hill to watch over the scene.
 He blew from his childish pipe fanciful bubbles ;
 He floated his reed on the rivulet's foam ;
 The mountain of hope hid the ocean of troubles,
 And fairies danced over that paper from home.

He sat in the dell where the lilac was swinging ;
 The thrush and the blackbird were warbling above ;
 A raven-haired girl to his bosom was clinging ;
 Their eyes exchanged draughts from the fountains of
 love—
 Ah ! where is the fond one that used to adore him ?
 A black cloud crept o'er the ethereal dome ;
 A crystal pearl dropped on the journal before him,
 And down on the ground fell the paper from home.

THE WINDS.

WHO has not heard the sighing,
 And the moaning, and the crying,
 As of troubled spirits flying
 Through the winds, through the winds,
 On some dreary winter's night,
 When the cat-eyed owl, in fright,
 From its hiding place takes flight,
 Through the winds, through the winds ?
 And the curlews scream aloud,
 And each quaintly fashioned cloud
 Is swept o'er Earth's gloomy shroud
 By the winds, by the winds ;
 Oh, there's something sad yet sweet about those
 winds.

For they carry us back on Fancy's track
 O'er the deep dark ocean's foam ;
 And we mingle again with the loving train,
 In our childhood's happy home ;
 Each fond kind face, in the dear old place,
 Smiles on us as of yore,
 And we hear the wail of the blast and the hail -
 About and against the door ;
 And the wild gusts screech through the elm and beech,
 Till the leaves seem living things ;
 Through each cranny and nook, and by streamlet and
 brook,
 Old Boreas whistles and sings ;

But we heed not the storm, for our home is warm,
And the friends we prize most are near,
They're entwined round our heart: Ah! why must we
part
From the dear ones we value most dear?

But they're gone, ay, gone before us,
Down life's river to death's shore. Thus
We must go, and o'er us
The sad winds! the sad winds!
Will chant wild songs for ages,
When savage winter rages,
"Death is all mortals' wages,"
Sing the winds, sing the winds.
Ah! where's the great man's glory,
The brave, the wise, the hoary,
Go listen to their story
From the winds, from the winds.
Oh, a lesson we can learn from those winds.



OLD BENDIGO.

BET Poley go with Redman ; mind be careful of the
steer ;
Bring Bob and Rambler from the creek, they'll find
good picking here.
Just fling this she-oak on the fire ; there, catch that end,
now throw—
This 'minds me of our maiden trip to dear old Bendigo.

Old Bendigo ; thy very name is treasured in my breast—
Just pass the billy this way, Jack. Not boiled yet ! well
I'm blest
If that there wood will ever burn ; this ironbark is slow—
You knew the gully of that name on dear old Bendigo.

Oh, when we camped upon the track—that damper must
be done—
Around the blazing log at night, what tough old yarns
were spun
By Sydney Ned, and Derwent Bill, and Murrumbidgee
Joe !
Where are they now ? Ah, mate, they'll drive no more
to Bendigo.

I can't help laughing when I think—old mate, just pass
a chew—
Of that ere time when Murphy's team got bogged at
Carlsruhe.
Big Barney Fagan shouted—whilst the wheels were
bedding low—
“ Faix, boys, there's some deep sinkin' on the road to
Bindigo.”

Mount Macedon is gazing down as proudly as of old,
And Alexander's lofty brow looks over fields of gold ;
They never shift ; but where are all the friends we used
to know
On Castlemaine and Forest Creek, and dear old Bendigo.

No other land has mustered such a kingly race of men
As that brave golden legion on the march to fortune
then ;
The digger's shirt was freedom's badge : beneath it
honor's glow
Lit up a gen'rous, manly flame on dear old Bendigo.

Old mate of mine, together we have roughed it, through
the bush
For twenty years, and Time begins to lay his frosting
brush
Upon our heads ; but in our hearts the flowers of friend-
ship grow
As fresh as when we planted them on dear old Bendigo.

I sigh whene'er I think upon—Jack, pass along the
grub—
The music of the puddling mill, the cradle, and the tub ;
The hurdy-gurdies, German bands, and minstrels too—
why, blow
It, you've upset the tea—on dear old Bendigo.

The track of life is sometimes smooth, at other times 'tis
rough ;
But we must take it as it comes—this beef is *rayther*
tough—
I feel a spider on my cheek—I've caught the varmint—
no ;
Why, bless me ! if it ain't a tear for dear old Bendigo.

REQUIEM.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

 OME, ye winds, and chant sad dirges,
 Where the restless billows roam,
 And the sand-banks kiss the verges
 Of the ever-shifting foam.

Sweep along the Ocean slowly,
 For a BARD is resting near,
 And his harp is lying lowly
 In the shadow of his bier.

Sobbing through the ti-tree bushes,
 Low and tender, loud and wild,
 Melancholy music gushes—
 Pensive Nature mourns her child.

He her secrets could unravel,
 He had read her mystic page ;
 Oft with her his soul would travel,
 Bursting from its earthly cage.

He rode on the tempest's pinions,
 When the sheets of molten gold
 Flashed across her broad dominions,
 And the drums of heaven rolled.

He smiled with her in her gladness,
 He wept with her in her gloom—
 Until Sorrow, linked with Madness,
 Tore the curtain off the tomb.

Censure not the frenzied action ;
He but plunged where all must halt ;
Goaded on by fierce distraction—
His the secret, his the fault.

Rest him where the ocean plashes
To the moaning of the wind ;
Death but robbed us of his ashes—
He has left his thoughts behind.



BUSH CHILDREN.

EYES of hazel and of blue,
 Raven locks, and golden tresses,
 Lips of rosy-tinted hue
 Pouting for the fond caresses,
 Laughter filling hearts with joy,
 As the merry moments whirl,
 Father loves his manly boy,
 Mother dotes upon her girl.

Gambolling across the glade,
 Sporting through the ti-tree mazes,
 Resting 'neath the wattle's shade,
 When the summer's red sun blazes,
 Fondling the dear pet lamb,
 Patting Bob, the sleek old colly,
 Teasing Bill, the aged ram,
 Driving Redman, Sam, and Poley.

Seeking for the 'possum's nest,
 In the wrinkled box-tree hollow ;
 Breaking in upon his rest,
 "Let him run and Pinch will follow."
 Hunting for the hidden sweets
 Where the wild bush-bees are humming ;
 Listening for the cheerful bleats
 When the shepherd home is coming.

"Willie, give the lads a call,
 We must have a game of cricket ;
 Jack and you can stop the ball,
 I will stand to guard the wicket."
 Play your game, ye merry crew,
 Now's the time for recreation,
 By-an-bye there's work to do,
 You have yet to build a nation.

DUNEDIN FROM THE BAY.



O trav'ler, unto others boast
 Of Venice and of Rome ;
 Of saintly Mark's majestic pile,
 And Peter's lofty dome ;
Of Naples and her trellished bowers ;
 Of Rhineland far away ;—
These may be grand, but give to me
 Dunedin from the Bay.

A lovely maiden seated in
 A grotto by the shore ;
With richest crown of purest green
 That virgin ever wore ;
Her snowy breast bedecked with flowers
 And clustering ferns so gay,—
Go, picture this, and then you have
 Dunedin from the Bay.

A fairy, round whose brilliant throne
 Great towering giants stand,
As if impatient to obey
 The dictates of her wand ;
Their helmets hidden in the clouds,
 Their sandals in the spray—
Go picture this, and then you have
 Dunedin from the Bay.

A priestess of the olden time
(Ere purer rights had birth)
On Nature's altar offering up
The homage of the earth;
Surrounded by grim druids, robed
In mantles green and grey—
Go picture this, and then you have
Dunedin from the Bay.

O never till this breast grows cold
Can I forget that hour,
As standing on the vessel's deck
I watched the golden shower
Of yellow beams, that darted
From the sinking king of day,
And bathèd in a mellow flood
Dunedin from the Bay.



THE BEGGAR'S PRAYER.**(A DIGGER'S TALE.)**

 'LL tell you how it happened mate: we worked
in wet and cold
The winter through, until at last we struck upon
the gold;
Though Charley had a wofnan's frame, it held a lion's
heart,
And day by day, in shaft and drive, he nobly did his
part.

I was his mate before the rush to Gabriel's began,
I loved him, for I knew him to be every inch a man ;
Ah ! times are changed, and people now are not what
they were then,
The boys who wore the yellow pants in those old days
were MEN.

The Bible tells us, as you know, we all are made from
dust,
And to the same material, return again we must ;
But still I can't believe that all are moulded the same
way,
For Charley was a BRICK, you see, and made of common
clay.

Besides, he had a poet's soul, and often in his ear
Old Nature whispered secrets sweet which I could never
hear ;
And yellow clouds, that were to me but vapour in the
sky,
To him were golden pictures from the brush of God on
high.

Well, as I just was telling you, we came upon the gold,
 'Twas Charley's shift below, you see ; the day was wet
 and cold,
 And I was at the windlass, when I heard my poor mate
 cry,
 "For God's sake, Harry, haul me up, for I'm about to
 die!"

"Upon the muster-roll of Death I've heard them call
 my name ;
 I go to take possession of a richer, better claim—
 Just listen, Harry, listen, don't you hear it over there ?
 I know it is, I'm sure it is, that long-remembered
 prayer."

"Some strange, odd fancy, mate," I cried, "is wander-
 ing through your mind,
 The only sound I hear is the low wailing of the wind
 Amongst the wild flax in the gorge and o'er the mountains
 bare—"

"Nay, 'tis not that, come closer and I'll tell you 'bout
 that prayer.

"'Twas winter in the dear old land, and I was but a
 child ;
 December, of the sullen brow, with voice so weird and
 wild,
 Laughed round the mansions of the rich, where comfort
 reigned secure,
 And howled with fiendish glee about the hovels of the
 poor.

"Night gathered all her curtains o'er the groves of leaf-
 less beech,
 And on the ruined Abbey walls the owls began to
 screech ;

The swift electric swords of heaven flashed from each
sable sheath,
And shiv'ring poplars humbly bent to kiss the shrubs
beneath.

"The tempest marched triumphantly along its gloomy
path,
And e'en the oak obeisance made to Nature in her
wrath;
Yet all the dear ones laugh'd and joked within our home,
and I
Received that night a silver crown, for Christmas time
was nigh.

"But hark! a low knock at the door disturbed our mirth
and glee,
And I ran forth to open it—'For Christ's dear sake, help
me;
My little ones are starving, we are hungry, weak, and
cold,
Oh, help us, boy, and may God keep you ever in His
fold.'

"A wretched, ragged creature, with her little starv'lings
four,
Made this appeal, as cold and wet they shivered at our
door;
I thought not of the Nazarene's impressive Love com-
mand,
Young impulse urged me, and I placed my crown within
her hand.

"She threw herself upon her knees, whilst tears sprang
from her eyes,
And raising up her hands in prayer, and looking to the
skies,

She cried, ‘May God protect you, child, through all
this world of sin,
And when you reach His palace doors, may angels let
you in.’

“Oh, Harry, through my long, long years of wand’ring,
since that night,
In weal and woe, across my path that prayer has shed
a light;
I heard it in the drive to-day, when sickness struck me
down—
A voice said, ‘For your silver coin, you’ll get a golden
crown.’

“Oh, Harry, dear old mate, good-bye, I hear that voice
again,
And yonder ope’s the palace gates beyond the azure
plain;
God bless you, mate! Remember that the path to bliss
is sure
To all who practise Charity—then don’t forget the poor.”



SPIRIT OF SONG.

WHERE is thy dwelling-place? Echo of sweetness,
 Seraph of tenderness where is thy home?
Angel of happiness, herald of fleetness,
 Thou hast the key of the star-blazon'd dome,
Where lays that never end
 Up to God's throne ascend,
And our fond-heart wishes lovingly throng,
 Soaring with thee above,
 Bearer of truth and love,
Teacher of heaven's tongue—Spirit of Song.

Euphony, born in the realms of the tearless,
 Mingling thy notes with the voices of Earth;
Wanting thee, all would be dreary and cheerless,
 Weaver of harmony, giver of mirth.
 Comfort of child and sage,
 With us in youth and age,
Soothing the weak and inspiring the strong,
 Illum'ning the blackest night
 Making the day more bright,
Oh! thou art dear to us, Spirit of Song.

Oft in the springtime, sweet words of affection
 Are whispered by thee in thy tenderest tone,
And in the winter dark clouds of dejection
 By thee are dispelled till all sorrow has flown.
 Thou'rt with the zephyrs low,
 And with the brooklet's flow,
And with the feathered choir all the day long;
 Happy each child of thine,
 Blest with thy gifts divine,
Charming our senses, sweet Spirit of Song.

LITTLE VIOLET.

SHE met me on the garden walk,
 Her bright eyes filled with mirth and glee,
 And listening to her prattling talk,
 My childhood's days returned to me.
 "And don't you know my name?" she said—
 "Why, no," I answered, "We've not met
 Before, my charming little maid;"
 Then she replied, "I'm Violet."

"Indeed; well that's a pretty name;"
 I wandered back to sunnier hours,
 And little Violet became
 Far fairer than the other flowers
 That grew around her where she stood—
 Each pansy, pink, and mignonette
 Smiled sweetly at their sister bud,
 The tender little Violet.

I gazed into her pure bright eyes,
 Where nestled childlike innocence;
 Then she, with look so very wise,
 Took me into her confidence,
 And told me all her griefs and joys,
 How babies often scream and fret,
 How Brother robbed her of her toys,
 And broke the dolls of Violet.

How cherries grow upon a tree,
 How grandpapa lived far away,
 Where big ships swim across the sea,
 And she was going there to stay.

Youth's blossoms made my heart its bower,
But near it sprang the weed—regret;
I plucked the weed and kept the flower,
And called it—Mem'ry's Violet.

There's rapture in the blithesome time
When love inhales young passion's breath—
The Poet's is a joy sublime,
The Christian's happiness is—death.
But in pure childhood's thoughtless bliss,
A taste of Heaven and earth we get—
More of the other life than this,
Earth's angels are like Violet.



*OLD LETTERS.

WHAT stories of the vanished time those dear old letters bring ;
They strike the chords of memory that round the heart's core cling.
These whisper softly in our ears of forms and faces fled ;
They summon back the distant ones, and conjure up the dead ;
They fan the smouldering flame of thought that slumbers in the brain ;
They preach a plaintive sermon, and they chant a sad refrain.

With trembling hands and beating hearts we ope those letters old ;
A little history is hid within each crumpled fold.
They tell of love, they tell of grief, perchance they tell of shame,
And oft they call a heart's pearl up to bathe some cherished name.
And sometimes too they bring us back deceit in friendship's guise :
The shallow thing that comes in spring and in the winter dies.

*This poem was first published in 1868, since which time several effusions have appeared under the same name, and expressing the same ideas.

Whilst pondering on the faded ink, ambition wakes once more ;
And Hope, exulting, cheers us on, and calls us to the fore ;
Proud thoughts and noble impulses flash through the noble mind ;
But soon they're blown by reason's breath, like thistle-down by wind.
The bright ideal dreamings fade before the lamp of truth,
Ah, still 'tis hard to part with those dear nurslings of our youth.

Old letters ! oft ye tell us tales of pleasant evenings spent
Where mirth, and wit, and beauty reigned, surrounded by content !
And tender forms are stayed again, and little hands are pressed,
And vows are breathéd softly too, and sweet lips are caressed ;
We spell the fond words o'er and o'er, until each sentence seems
A passage in some magic book that tells of fairy dreams.

Sweet messengers ! some of ye crossed the wild expansive foam
With throbings of affection culled from many a breast at Home ;
The tear-stained paper yet recalls bright eyes that used to glow
With pleasure in our joyousness, and in our grief o'er-flow ;
The merry haunts of boyhood's days before our visions start—
The queen of painters, Nature, finds her easel in the heart.

And sometimes in the heap we find a missive edged with gloom—

We open up the envelope, and peep into the tomb ;
What ! have they placed these noble forms to rot beneath the sod ?

Has Heaven no higher mission for the images of God ?
The spirit gusts that sigh at night through cypress trees,
 reply—

“ The jewel wears no casket in the treasury on high.”

Old letters ! ye are records of events which leave a trace
Upon the map of memory, and marching on apace,
We often turn and gaze across the continents and isles—
Those tracts are robed in sombre hues—these spots are
 decked with smiles ;
When evening shades the mountain tops, and twilight
 shadows swell,
Old letters ! ye are wizards then, that weave a dreamy
 spell.



PASSING THROUGH THE GATE.

TEN years of sorrow and of glee
Have fled since first you met with me,
When mother asked you home to tea:
You stayed until 'twas late, Jack,
And when you wished us all "Good night,"
To show you out I brought the light;
You caught my hand and pressed it tight
Whilst passing through the gate, Jack.

You came again, and when we met,
You said I was your darling pet,
You praised my hair and eyes of jet,
And called me "Pretty Kate," Jack,
At your approach, though Snap was dumb,
The cute old 'possum on the gum
Laughed loudly when he saw me come
To meet you at the gate, Jack.

A month had scarcely died away,
When on a bright-faced summer's day,
A coach and pair (the horses grey)—
My heart retains the date, Jack—
Drove up the lane, and stopped before
The rose-bush hedge that faced our door,
And two light bosoms, brimming o'er
With joy, passed through the gate, Jack.

And months of pleasure came and went,
And each new season brought content,
Three love-gifts unto us were sent;
Our happiness was great, Jack.

A manly boy, reflecting you,
And Lily with her orbs of blue,
And Kate with eyes of hazel hue—
Oh, blessings on that gate, Jack.

But angels sometimes leave their home,
And o'er earth's lovely valleys roam
In search of buds to deck the dome
 Above God's throne of state, Jack ;
They came into our garden fair,
And gathered up our flowerets rare ;
Then climbing up yon starry stair,
 They brought them through the gate, Jack.

The withered stalks fell 'neath the sod,
And sorrow hung o'er our abode ;
Some said it was the "will of God,"
 And others said 'twas "fate," Jack ;
And summer came, and spring went by,
The world seemed blank to you and I—
No merry laugh, nor childish cry
 Was heard about the gate, Jack.

But peace to us has come again ;
We're linked to them with deathless chain.
Behind the sun, beyond the plain,
 We know for us they wait, Jack ;
And when we've run this earthly race,
In heaven for us they'll keep a place,
Where soul to soul, and face to face,
 They'll meet us at the gate, Jack.

THE AUCTIONEER.

ABOVE the chatty, curious crowd
Is perched the Auctioneer:
His front is bold, his voice is loud,
His eye is sharp and clear;
He swings his hammer—ere it falls
The rostrum front upon—
“Now is there no advance?” he calls;
“They’re going-going-gone.”

“Who bids for these; they’re up in pairs,
And those in lots are sold;
There’s sofas, lounges, tables, chairs,
And pictures, good as gold;
And here are rings—they’re really nice,
For ladies fair to don—
These must be sold at any price:
They’re going-going-gone.”

“Now, gentlemen, for those who read
We’ve many a well-bound tome.”
Ah! those are household gods indeed,
Which make a “heaven of home.”
Philosophers and Bards, who shed
Their light on reason’s dawn,
The stores from whence the mind is fed,
They’re “going-going-gone.”

A locket lined with golden hair,
Is "going for a crown;"
Some breast is tenanted by care,
Some fond heart is "knock'd down."
And here are pledges unredeemed,
Bright trinkets from the pawn,
Alas! their owners little dreamed,
Of "going-going-gone."

The world is but an Auction Mart,
Where Time is Auctioneer;
Vain pleasure gets an "easy start,"
True happiness is dear;
Hope "runs us up," but in Death's breach
We're "knocked down" one by one,
We're "going" till the grave we reach,
And then, alas! we're "gone."



ORAKAU.

THREE hundred swarthy braves at Orakau—
Savage warriors from Uriwera,
And from the hills and gorges of Taupo—
Gathered together to defend the land
From the encroachments of the Pakeha.
The Ngatimaniapoto were there,
Led on by Rewi Manga, the fearless ;
Te Paerata, famed in many fights,
Commanded the Ngatiraukawa tribe,
He was the warrior who cried aloud—
“Me mate au kikonei!” which means :—
“Let us make the pah here, let us die here !”
The dauntless chief Te Whenuanui,
And Hapurona of Uriwera,
Headed their wild and savage warriors.
Te Waru was there with his East Coast braves,
And other chiefs famed in song and story :
Met on the spot to resist the spoilers,
Who had taken the land from the Maori,
In the name of the Queen of the far land.
Only three hundred warriors were there,
Entrenched within the weak unfinished pah.
Only three hundred brave men and women,
To meet the Pakeha, who surrounded
The sod-built fortress with his well-drilled troops,
Nearly two thousand hardy Britons—
The Royal Irish and the Forest Rangers,
And Fortieth Fighters under Leslie.
It was the second morning of April,
When the colours in Nature’s dress were changing
From the brown and russet hues of Autumn
To the dark and sadder shades of Winter.

Three hundred lion-hearted warriors
 Assembled with Rewi, to fan the flame
 Of deadly hatred to the Pakeha
 Into a vengeful blaze at Orakau.
 Chanting the deeds of their ancestors,
 They cried aloud—"Me mate te tangata,
 Me mate mo te whenua!"—which means :—
 "The warriors' death is to die for the land!"

Roaring for blood, our early gun
 Rent the clouds like a thunder-clap ;
 Carey cried, "There's work to be done"—
 Close to the walls we pushed the sap.

"Ready, lads, with your hand grenades,
 Ready, lads, with your rifles true ;
 Ready, lads, with your trusty blades,
 Ready, lads, with your bayonets too."

"Now for the Armstrongs, let them roar ;
 Death unto those that laugh at peace—"
 Into their nest our volleys pour—
 "Steady there!—let the firing cease."

'Tis Cameron's voice—"Tell the foe
 To leave the pah, their lives we'll spare,
 Tell them, Britons can mercy show,
 Nothing but death awaits them there."

Then Major Mair, with flag of truce before the Maoris
 stood,
 And said: "Oh, friends, be warned in time, we do not
 seek your blood ;
 Surrender, and your lives are safe." Then through the
 whole redoubt
 The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce defiant shout,
 "Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !!"*

*We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever.

Again spake gallant Mair, "Oh, friends, you wish for blood and strife,
With blind and stubborn bravery, preferring death to life :
But send your women and your children forth, they shall be free."

They answered back, "Our women brave will fight as well as we."

"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

Up rose brave Ahumai then, a chieftainess, and said,
"Oh ! what have we to live for, if our dearest ones be dead ?

If fathers, husbands, brothers too, as mangled corses lie,
Why should we stay behind them here ? beside them let us die !"

"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for blood,
Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for human food ;

Again wild spirits soaring, saw their shattered shells beneath

In pools of gore, and still was heard defiance to the death.

"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

Now, now the bold defenders, in a solid body break Right through the sod-built barricade, o'er palisade and stake,

And leaping o'er the trenches, 'mid a storm of shot and shell ;

They rushed to liberty or death, still shouting as they fell :

"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

With wild, untutored chivalry the rebels scorn'd disgrace,

Oh, never in the annals of the most heroic race

Was bravery recorded more noble or more high,

Than that displayed at Orakau, in Rewi's fierce reply :

"Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

THE BOY AND THE YEAR.

COME out, dear father, come and see this weary-looking man ;
 His hair is grey and very thin, his face is pale and wan ;
 With tottering steps he slowly wends his way down yonder hill ;
 The sun is shining warm and bright, and yet he seems quite chill ;
 His eye is dimmed by sorrow, yet he has a kingly mien ;
 I'm sure that he far happier and better days has seen.
 I think I know his features well—and yet it cannot be !
 Dear father, come and look on him, and tell me who is he ?”

“ My darling boy, you speak aright, we've seen that face before,
 But then instead of sorrow's streaks, a cheerful smile it wore.
 He came to us, 'twill be twelve months ago to-morrow morn ;
 His brow was crown'd with evergreens and sheaves of golden corn ;
 We welcomed him with open arms, and many a rural game
 Was played to honour him, for joy and gladness with him came ;
 His eye was filled with manly fire, his breath was fresh and pure ;
 Majestically he stood erect,—his step was firm and sure.”

"Dear father, I remember him ; the morning he came here
You kissed myself and Amy, and we christened him New Year ;
The church bells rang a merry peal, and filled our hearts with glee—
And little Amy laughed ;—but now she's gone from you and me.
You said that mother called her to the land beyond the stars,
Where angels paint the silver clouds, and forge the golden bars
That gird the sun at eventide :—but New Year must have known
That Amy meant to leave us here in sorrow all alone."

"My darling boy, the New Year has a mission to fulfil—
Our Supreme Master sent him here to do His holy will ;
With smiles for some, and tears for more—'tis sinful to complain,
For pleasure would engender pride unless subdued by pain.
If yon bright orb shone constantly, and never hid his light,
We'd soon get weary of his rays, and wish for sable night ;
If those sweet roses blooming in the garden ne'er decayed,
Their fragrance would be wasted, and their loveliness would fade."

"But, father, I am thinking still that New Year was to blame ;
Deceitful smiles were on his face the morning that he came.

He fondled our dear Amy, and she sang to him so gay :
He should have told us that he meant to take her far away.

The night she left us, father dear, I thought my heart would break ;

You said she only was asleep,—that soon she would awake :

But months have passed, and still she slumbers in the narrow cave,

Beneath the pretty pansies that we planted on her grave.”

“ The year is not to blame, my son, for wheresoe'er he walks,

Behind his back, with mocking strides, a ghastly spectre stalks,

Who crushes oft the fairest flowers until their leaves are dead—

Their essence he cannot destroy, for, soaring o'er his head,

A lovely Angel gathers up the fragrant balm, and pours The sweet elixir in the stream beyond the azure doors.

Where Cherubs live, and Seraphs sing their never-ending lays,—

Our Amy is above with them, and joins their song of praise.”

“ Oh, father dear, I wish that I were up with Amy, too ; You say the bowers are beautiful beyond the serial blue. Each New Year seems to bring along a load of care and strife,—

There seems to be less bliss than pain, dear father, in this life ;

The hopes we cherish most to-day, to-morrow change to fears ;

The smiles that gild our cheeks to-day, to-morrow turn to tears ;

Our dearest friends are here to-day—but, ere the morning, fly,
Like Mother dear and Amy, to the realms beyond the sky.”

“ My son, you should not murmur thus ; the tide that laves the beach
Can rush along its measured pace, but further cannot reach ;
And like unto it is the grasping intellect of man,
It searches to the gates of Heaven, but further cannot scan.
Then face the world bravely, boy, and let repining cease,—
Let honour be your compass, and your harbour will be peace ;
Year after year may come and go, but Death, the tyrant, gains
No victory o'er the honest heart, where calm contentment reigns.”



KAITANGATA.

On the 21st of February, 1879, a colliery explosion took place at the Kaitangata Mines, by which thirty lives were sacrificed.

HE touch of God is on the chord which runs
Through all humanity, from heart to heart;
The Hand Divine, that holds the stars and suns,
Strikes on love's string, and inner voices start,
Proclaiming we are each of each a part.

The Priest of Nature may expound this truth :
Afflictions are but solemn lessons read
To mortals ; Science still is in her youth—
The living gain their knowledge through the dead ;
All human suff'ring points the road ahead.

It may be so ; anon we'll learn that text,
But now the widows' and the orphans' eyes
Are following from this life to the next
Loved spirits torn away from dearest ties,
And God to us is speaking through their cries.

He calls on us to succour those in need ;
We're bound together in a common bond.
Faith's purest action is a noble deed ;
Hope's truest anchor is a helping hand ;
Love is the key that opes the doors beyond.

A few short days ago, and those who rest
Held this poor lease of earth which now we hold ;
The pulse of life beat strongly in each breast—
Ah ! 'tis the same old story often told,
We know not when the spark may leave the mould.

Oh ! brothers, there are weary hearts to-day,
And cheerless homes, where sorrow sits in gloom ;
And lonely weeping ones, who can but pray,
“ Thy will be done,” whilst bowing to their doom,
And longing for the meeting 'yond the tomb.

Not ours to change the mystic second-birth,
Not ours to bring the loved ones back again,
But ours to do our duty upon earth,
By succouring the mourners who remain ;
To them we're linked in sympathetic chain.

To-day Humanity's resistless breath
Sweeps through the credal barriers, and brings
Us all together to the Church of Death—
The common fold of toilers and of kings :
And Charity broods o'er with outstretched wings.

To-day the pure Christ-Spirit from above
With warm vibration thrills through every soul ;
To-day we owe a sacred debt to Love ;
To-day our Father claims a special toll
At gates which lead to Hope's eternal goal



AN EXILE'S REVERIE.*

WHERE Taiera sweeps by Manitoto's plain
 A Scottish exile sang this fond refrain,
 Each lonely winding glen and snow-capped mount
 Awoke the slumbering Spring of Memory's fount ;
 Before his gaze old faces came and went,
 And thus the language of his heart found vent.

From these wild mountains crowned with crystal hoar,
 My thoughts are wafted o'er the moaning sea ;
 Unchecked, untrammelled by the Ocean's roar,
 They wing their flight, dear Caledon, to thee :
 The wheel of time has rolled o'er many a year,
 And often have I heard Death's mournful knell,
 Since on thy shore I shed the parting tear
 And bade thy noble cliffs a long farewell.
 Yet in my dreams I see each youthful scene,
 Old forms and faces meet my eye ; again
 I mingle with my schoolmates on the green,
 Or gather berries in the briery lane.
 The heather smells as sweet as when I strayed
 To worship Nature o'er the purple hill.
 And still, unchanged, the waving brackens shade
 The murmuring burn that turns the village mill.
 The old kirk seems the same, as when of yore,
 I offered up my Sabbath morning's prayer
 To Him whom all creation should adore.
 Ah ! where now are the friends that worshipped there ?
 My dream is past. It stands not morning's test,
 Stern truth, with mocking finger points around,
 And whispers, " All the loved ones are at rest—
 They sleep beneath each daisy covered mound."

*Prize Poem of the Caledonian Society of Otago, 1869.

This vain deceitful slumber often cheats,
By making us appear what we have been,
The future's left, the past at daylight fleets ;
The wide, dark gulf of Time rolls on between.
Ah, Time, what shall I call thee ? how address
The conqueror of kings, the sinner's dread—
Death's courier—swift, sure, and merciless ;
Man's mocking guide unto his narrow bed.
Nations and Empires have come and gone !
Imperial Rome has fallen to the dust.
Regardless of events, thou movest on ;
Thy blade is still unstained by mould or rust.
Age after age humanity has paid
Mortality's inevitable tithe :
And still the ghastly tyrant wields his spade :
Still millions fall before thy ceaseless scythe.
Oh, who unmoved can look upon thy page,
And trace thee from Creation to the Flood—
From thence unto the present ? At each stage,
Thy sandals have been wet with tears and blood.
Forward to chaos ! thou canst not turn back ;
Procrastination lingers in thy train,
Fire, plague, and famine desolate thy track,
And countless souls cry after thee in vain.
Yet all's not dark upon thy changeful face :
When thou wert in thy prime, a Saviour came
To wash out, with His life drops, man's disgrace :
Thy brightest scroll records His sacred name.
And when Europa's shores refused to yield
Employment to the hardy sons of toil,
And poverty appealed, thy hand unveiled
New climes where plenty rested on thy soil.
The Golden South, washed by Pacific's spray,
Calls thousands from the Old World's crowded marts
To fertile plains, where fame and fortune stay
Awaiting willing hands and gallant hearts.
Yet fond remembrance clasps the Exile's heart,
It haunts him still upon this distant strand ;

Within his breast, pure warm emotions start
 When thoughts are kindled there of Fatherland.
 Here, in young Scotia, we have glens and hills,
 As wild and grand as those we left at home ;
 Our pastures are as green, as clear our rills,
 Our coasts are guarded by as fierce a foam.
 O'er cliffs and crags, ravines and lowly dells,
 Borne on the clouds, wild, weird romance looks down ;
 And Poesy, Heaven's purest offspring, dwells
 Heedless of Cynic's sneer or Stoic's frown.
 What lack we then, in this new land of ours ?
 Why come old memories on the midnight blast,
 To woo us back to childhood's happy hours,
 And let us taste delight that cannot last ?
 Why does the eagle, ere he speeds away,
 Wheel round his eyrie with an anxious care ?
 Why lingers he, for yonder is his prey ?
 Ah ! by a mother he was sheltered there.
 Why do the bright Spring morning's sparkling showers
 Ascend on Sol's warm rays again from earth ;
 Why do they leave the lovely buds and flowers ?
 Because they cling to Heaven, their place of birth.
 And thus it is with man. Where'er he strays
 On distant plains, he turns his longing eyes
 To that dear spot, veiled by the ocean's haze,
 Where fancy whispers him the old land lies.
 The ideal mirror shows to Albion's son
 His home surrounded by the leafy dells ;
 From wood and copse he sees the streamlets run,
 Endeared to him by recollection's spells.
 The Emigrant from Erin's spray-girt isle
 Oft hears her wild harp singing on the breeze ;
 Its mournful cadence steals a tearful smile
 And wafts it to the old home o'er the seas.
 Then Scotia, land of legendary lore,
 Can thy fond children cease to honor thee ?
 Nursed on the bosom of thy rugged shore,
 Ingratitude shall never come from me ;

Our new land is a reflex of thy face,
Its features in the same rough mould were cast.
Yet, unlike thee, Tradition finds no place,
A cloud of Barbarism shades the past;
No Wallace here to kindle Freedom's fire—
No Bruce to light the patriotic flame—
No Burns, to strike the grand melodious Lyre—
No Scott, to trumpet forth his country's fame—
No Bard of Hope, no Ettrick Shepherd, here;
No Ferguson, no plaintive Tannahill—
Hush! Scotia's spirit drops a burning tear;
The precious pearl thaws Death's dark frozen chill.
Hark to her voice: "Poor mortal, Time can not
Efface the memory of the great and good;
They live within the breast of each true Scot,
Though far he roams across the giant flood.
The gems that sparkle o'er the azure span
That Heaven's Architect has built on high,
Recede at dawn from the rude gaze of man,
Yet still, unquenched, they sparkle in the sky.
And thus it is that bards and heroes stay
A time below here, to illume mankind,
Then take their flight to shine in Heaven's day.
Those leave their thoughts, and these their deeds behind.
Then say not, mortal, that my glorious band
Have no existence on this golden shore.
O'er all the world, where'er my children stand,
My heroes' fame shall live for evermore."



TO SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

WITHIN a forest stood a grand old tree,
 Whose head above the other plants rose high ;
 He was the forest's first-born. Sun and sky
 Had known him, and had smiled on him ere he
 Had kinsfolk near, or leafy brethren nigh ;
 The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy ;
 The singers knew that when the scene was rude,
 He grew and gave a shelter to their race.
 By him the wandering melodists were wooed
 To trill and warble in that lonely place ;
 A sanctuary in the solitude
 He gave to them. In him the birds could trace
 The forest's king, and so from hills and plains
 They flew to him, and sang their sweetest strains.



IN MEMORIAM.

W. H. LEVIN.

N this New Age of this Old World of ours,
When barefaced bluster often heads the van,
And weeds, at times, outgrow the fairest flowers,
It cheers one's heart to meet a gentleman.

What constitutes a gentleman? not gold;
But kindness, goodness, courtesy, and love;
A spirit fashion'd in the Master's mould,
Brave as a lion, gentle as a dove.

And such was he who lately passed the gate
That Godward leads to everlasting rest;
But though he's gone, his memory will wait
Embalmed for ever in his country's breast.



